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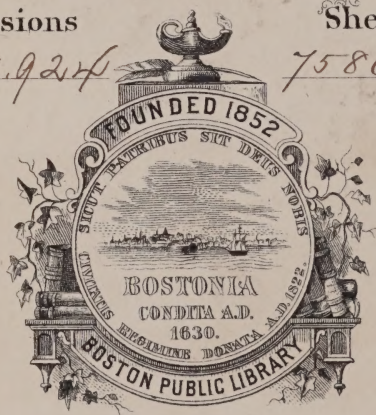
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ADDRESS
OF
TIMOTHY BIGELOW,
DELIVERED AT THE
PUBLIC INSTALLATION
OF THE OFFICERS OF
CRYSTAL FOUNT DIVISION, No. 16, S. OF T.,
Friday Evening, April 2, 1875.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT OF THE WORK OF CRYSTAL
FOUNT DIVISION, IN THE PAST, ITS PRESENT STATUS, TOGETHER
WITH THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE PUBLIC INSTALLATION.



BOSTON:
PRESS OF ISAAC W. MAY,
39 STATE STREET.
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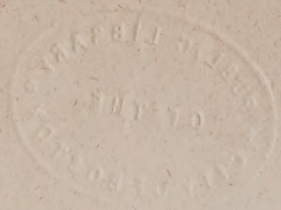
CRYSTAL FOUNT DIVISION, No. 16, S. OF T.,

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WITH AN INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT OF THE WORK OF CRYSTAL
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Published by Vote of Crystal Fount Division.

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PRESS OF ISAAC W. MAY,
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B. H.
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INTRODUCTION.

CRYSTAL FOUNT DIVISION, No. 16, Sons of Temperance, was organised in Stacy Hall, Saturday, May 10, 1856,—a severe thunder storm raging at the time the instituting service occurred: a fact, which coupled with its early and wonderful growth, made some of its founders imagine that the thunder God, of the old Scandinavians had something to do with its origin and development. Certainly, the blows it has dealt, for nineteen years, upon the monster rum, may not inaptly be compared with those which Thor rained with his hammer on the head of Thyrn, Hymir, and other demons of Jötun land.

During the four years succeeding its institution, the growth of the Division, in membership and means, was something all but unprecedented, in the history of the Order in Massachusetts. So that in 1860, its members numbered 325, and Lady Visitors 350: a grand total of 675, in all. While the pecuniary results were equally marked and memorable, there being a cash fund of nearly \$1,300 in the treasury, and property to the value of \$1,200, also belonged to the Division, making almost \$2,500, in cash and property.

The war of the Rebellion, which ruined other prospects as fair and bright as these, drew off a large portion of the effective membership, so that the Division languished somewhat from this cause. Besides this depletion, in 1862 a large body of its members felt aggrieved, at certain measures adopted by the Grand Division of Massachusetts, and withdrew from that body. In consequence, its charter was suspended by the Grand Division, but the charter itself and frame were deposited in a place unknown to the Grand Officers, and therefore could not be returned. At a later period, the hiding place of the charter was ascertained by a few of the old members of the Division, who, when it seceded, refused to follow in its path, and joined other Divisions in good standing; and in a manner known only to themselves, these old Crystal Founters gained possession of the original charter, but left the

frame behind. The charter was delivered to the Grand Officers, but the frame fell into the possession of Brother EDMUND P. DOLBEARE, and has remained with him, till its restoration to the Division, as hereinafter described. When the application for the restoration of the charter was granted by the Grand Division, the original document could not be found, having been mislaid in the Grand Scribe's office; and a new one had to be filled out, which has since graced the walls of the Division Room, in its varied migrations, from Sons of Temperance Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, to Union Hall, Wadman Hall, Phillips Hall, and lastly Caledonia Hall, 289 Washington street, where it has been located during the past two years.

During its eventful career, several subordinate Divisions have been the legitimate outgrowth of Crystal Fount Division: prominent among which, are New Era, of Boston, Crystal Wave, of South Boston, Mutual, of Neponset, Neholden, of Highlandville, and Ransom, of North Cambridge.

Conspicuous among its members, are the names of Hon. Marcus Morton, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, who was an active member till his removal to Andover; Hon. Charles R. Train, Attorney General of the State; and Hon. Thomas Russell, whose career, as Judge, Collector, and now Foreign Minister to Ecuador, is so well known.

But the great and good work of Crystal Fount Division has been with less famous brothers, at the same time, accompanied with a success worthy of all praise. Scores and hundreds of families have been restored to happiness and peace, by its exertions; and it is the intention of the present Worthy Patriarch, at an early day, to set forth fully in print, some of its most conspicuous triumphs in the welfare of humanity.

The present membership, of Crystal Fount Division, including Lady Visitors, is upwards of one hundred and fifty, and during the current year its growth has been marked, as scarcely a night has passed without one or more initiations. It is the determination of its officers and members to make Crystal Fount one of the largest, and in every sense, best Divisions in Massachusetts.

On Friday evening, April 2, this Division threw open its doors to the public, on the occasion of the installation of its officers. Long before the opening of the exercises, Caledonia Hall was filled to its utmost capacity, a large majority of those present being non-members of the Order. Brother Timothy Bigelow, the Worthy Patriarch of last quarter, and who was unanimously re-elected to the same office, presided.

The first business of the evening was the presentation to the Division of its original charter frame, by Mr. Frederick E. Dolbeare, son of Mr. E. P. Dolbeare before mentioned. In making the presentation, Mr. Dolbeare referred appropriately and feelingly to the early work of the Division, and explained how he happened to have possession of the frame at that time. At the close of his speech of presentation, he read the following letter from his father:—

Boston, March 28, 1875.

To the Worthy Patriarch, officers and members of Crystal Fount Division, Sons of Temperance :

Several years ago, when old Crystal Fount rebelled against an order from the Grand Division and was disbanded, the charter frame of the Division, from which the charter had been previously taken, was placed in my care for safe-keeping, until called for by some one duly authorized to receive it. No such call has ever been made, and it still remains in my possession. It is valuable to me, as a memento of my connection with the Division, but I have long thought that its proper place was in the Division room, and last fall I took some steps to restore it to you, which have been delayed by a long confinement at home by sickness, I was very glad to hear, that at a recent meeting with you, my Son, to whom I had spoken of my intention, mentioned the matter, and opened the way for its return to you. Permit me then most Worthy Patriarch, as an old member of Crystal Fount Division, to return to you and place in your keeping this Charter Frame, made doubly valuable by the remembrance of those early members, some of whom, I believe, are still with you, who by subscription purchased it, and presented it to the Division; with the earnest wish that nothing may again occur to cause its removal from your hall.

Before I close allow me to say, though years have passed since my connection with the Order, that the memory of the many meetings I have enjoyed in old Crystal Fount Division, are still fresh in my remembrance, and are often re-called with pleasure and profit. I am now, as I have been through life, a Temperance man. I believe your cause is worthy of your earnest efforts. Work on then, falter not, and *victory* shall surely come.

Yours very respectfully,

E. P. DOLBEARE.

On receiving the frame, the Worthy Patriarch responded, returning heartfelt thanks to Mr. Dolbeare for his most welcome gift, and

assuring the gentleman who made the presentation, and all who were present, that it was the determination of its active members, to make the future of Crystal Fount Division more glorious than its brilliant past. After this pleasing feature of the evening's entertainment, the ceremony of installation took place. This was conducted by D. G. W. P., John Tobias, of No. 175, assisted by Bro. Fred. Blenkins, as D. G. Conductor. The following officers were installed: W. P., Timothy Bigelow; W. A., H. N. Randall; R. S., J. H. French; A. R. S., Frank Burchmore; F. S., H. C. Rogers; Treas. F. L. Harding; Chap., J. W. Nordstrom; Con. G. H. Hedger; A. Con., C. H. Cooper; I. S., J. A. Spencer; O. S., Lewis Kimball.

As Bro. Bigelow passed down the Hall, on his way to the desk of the P. W. P., previous to his being again inducted into the office of W. P., he was met by P. G. W. P., ISAAC W. MAY, who presented him with a Grand Division regalia, and immediately followed it with the presentation of an elegant silver inkstand, on the cover of which was this inscription:

"Presented to Bro. Timothy Bigelow by the members of Crystal Fount Division, No. 16, S. of T., April 2, 1875."

Bro. May, in making these presentations, spoke as follows:—

BRO. TIMOTHY BIGELOW;—I have been instructed by your associates to intercept you, on your way from the Division's post of active duty to its post of honor.

The performance of the duty, thus placed upon me, is one which I deeply prize, and my only regret is that I cannot sufficiently command language or combine words, which shall express the deep feeling of respect, which the brothers and sisters of this Division, entertain toward you, as an officer and a laborer in our great field of Temperance reform. It has been said, that there is no eloquence like the eloquence of silence, and I feel that I shall be fully justified if I do not weary your patience, and the patience of our friends assembled here, on this most interesting occasion. Allow me, therefore, in behalf of the members of Crystal Fount Division, to clothe you in this Grand Division Regalia, and in doing so, I must employ the language of our beautiful ritual, and charge you to "ever wear it proudly, wear it as an emblem of virtue, and in the name of this great brotherhood, I charge you to guard it from dishonor."

And Sir, before we break this not altogether unpleasant interruption, I am further instructed to present you with this beautiful Inkstand, as

a further testimonial from your brothers of their entire satisfaction of the manner in which you have discharged every duty which has been allotted to you. And when you shall dip from its fountain, with that instrument which is said to be mightier than the sword, may it ever be done in the spirit of Love, Purity and Fidelity.

Before Bro. Bigelow could recover from his surprise on receiving these gifts, sister JOSIE F. MISENER stepped forward, and in behalf of the Lady Visitors of the Division presented him with a magnificent bouquet, composed of the very choicest of flowers, and silver holder, accompanying the same with the following appropriate speech:—

WORTHY PATRIARCH:—It has fallen to my lot, in behalf of the Lady Visitors of this Division, to present you with this bouquet and holder; and I assure you, Sir, that it is a pleasant duty, and one which I gladly perform. By your uniform courtesy upon all occasions, both public and private, during your connection with this Division, you have won for yourself our respect and esteem; by your manly bearing, as a presiding officer, you have won our admiration; and we take this opportunity to tender this gift as but a slight expression of our appreciation of your worth. We trust that in the selection of this bouquet as a gift, we have made a happy choice, and one that is emblematical; for as we gaze into the depths of the flowers that compose it, we can see portrayed the very embodiment of "Love, Purity and Fidelity." Accept it, Sir, in the same spirit with which it is tendered; and, with it, accept also our best wishes for your future prosperity and happiness.

In reply, Bro. BIGELOW said:—

BRO. MAY, AND SISTER MISENER:—I have no words with which to convey my thanks, through you, to the gentlemen and ladies of Crystal Fount Division, that can adequately give voice to my feelings of gratitude and pleasure at this time. None know, better than yourselves, how wholly unexpected are these tokens of esteem, except the badge, which I am aware is wontedly given to the retiring Worthy Patriarch. But I alone know that the kindness with which you have favored me, and the honors with which you have clothed me, have placed me under such personal obligations to each and every member of this Division, that I can never requite them, and shall remember them, and you, with life long gratitude, pride and respect. It is but a few days more than a year since I came a stranger to your doors. You received me as a friend and brother, and every day since, I have realized how great was the favor thus extended. For you admitted me as a co-worker with you, in what I regard the greatest labor which can

occupy the thoughts and exertions of Christian men and women. For our Order is instituted to raise the fallen, to strengthen the weak, to guard the young and tempted, and throw around every household, the adamantine bulwarks of Temperance and peace. And we do it, too, whenever brothers or sisters can be induced to join our Division. For this organization is built upon the everlasting foundations of this blessed book (the Bible), and the Order of Sons of Temperance is a practical enactment, in a vital form, of the golden rule and the divine Sermon on the Mount.

I will thank you, Bro. May and Sister Misener, to convey to the individual members of Crystal Fount Division, my personal thanks for the gifts which you have so courteously presented in their names; and assure them that they have afforded me, in the presentation of these testimonials, the proudest evening of my life. Tell them, too, if you please, that while I never can forget the gift, I will always strive to prove myself worthy of the esteem of the givers. These beautiful flowers, in which I do see portrayed the emblems of Love, Purity and Fidelity, the cardinal principles of our Order, as you Miss Misener, have so truthfully said,—will, I know, soon fade. Even this badge of velvet, now bright and clear in color, will lose its beauty, and moth and time will feast thereon: and even the silver of this elegant inkstand and bouquet holder will tarnish, like all things terrestrial. But the memory of these tokens of regard, and of those who gave them, will live in deathless freshness, vernal and fragrant, while my brain throbs and heart beats. And my life long prayer will be: Perpetual prosperity, individually and collectively, for Crystal Fount Division.

After this, followed the installation services, which were admirably and most satisfactorily performed by Brothers Tobias and Blenkins. These concluded, Bro. Bigelow delivered the address, hereinafter printed, after which followed the literary and musical programme, prepared for the entertainment of the crowd that thronged the Hall. The story of that pleasant evening cannot be better told, than it has been in the *Temperance Album*, to which this sketch is largely indebted for facts:

“Mr. Bigelow’s address was listened to with the closest attention till its close, and when concluded was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. It was certainly an able and eloquent effort, and well deserved the commendation it received. Following the address, the company were entertained with songs, jokes, &c., by a party of young men, several of whom are enrolled on the books of the Division, and who styled themselves ‘Randall & Hedger’s Minstrels.’ Their entertainment, which was given on the stage in negro minstrel style, was some-

what out of the usual order found at similar occasions, but it was highly pleasing, and was attended by the most uproarious laughter by the audience. Then followed a song by Sister Lottie Roberts; piano solo by Miss Amy Bigelow, a young daughter of the W. P., whose excellent rendering of the music was loudly applauded by its hearers; song by Bro. Burchmore; vocal duett by Sisters Emma and Alice Cleary; a grand concert by the Hampton Colored Students, burlesques and banjo solo by a gentleman whose name we cannot call to mind. The entertainment was brought to a close with a representation of the roaring negro farce 'The Troublesome Servant,' with characters by Bros. Clarence H. Cooper and George H. Hedger. Every one departed loud in their praises of the evening's exercises.

"Crystal Fount Division is just now on the high wave of prosperity, in both membership and financially, and also in effective work in the cause of Temperance. It meets Friday evenings, at Caledonia Hall, No. 289 Washington street, and invites all who have the best interests of the Order and cause at heart to join them. They will be cordially received and surrounded by good and true friends."

ADDRESS.

BROTHERS, SISTERS AND FRIENDS :—

When in 1095 a general council of European powers was held on the plains of Clermont, in response to a call from Urban II,—convoked with a view to deliver the Holy Land, and especially the Holy Sepulchre, from the hands of invading infidels and cruel Turks,—the vast multitude in that ancient town, between the rivers Bedat and Allier, moved to enthusiasm by the eloquence of the Pope, who declared that a holy war was commanded from on high, exclaimed, “God wills it! God wills it!” as if the extinct volcanoes, which surround the fair settlement, had spoken, as in pre-historic ages. And thereupon it was suggested, that those embarking on the Holy War should wear the cross on the breast or shoulder; and all who assumed this red and sacred emblem, were known as cross wearers, whence came the name of Crusades, which

was applied to the mighty and momentous enterprise then initiated.

It is in kindred spirit that the officers of this, and all Temperance Divisions of our great Order, accept the insignia of office, and enter upon their duties, at the commencement of a new term of service. These snow white emblems imply that we are crusading in a cause as pure as the colors we wear; and we assume them gladly and grandly, and therewith the obligations which they impose, and labors they demand. For we are indeed Crusaders, contending against a power more savage than Hakem, more relentless than Saladin. We seek to deliver, if not the Church of the Redeemer, at least ourselves—temples of the Most High God, as the apostle Paul declares us to be,—from the defilement and desecration of alcohol, and make them fragrant with the sacrifices of purity, and vocal with the harmonies of fidelity. And if we cannot fight for the Holy Sepulchre, we can and do engage in a bloodless warfare, for the immortal souls of our tempted brothers and sisters on earth; and to free them from servitude, and restore them to honor, home and usefulness, constitute a service, we hold, worthy of all the enthusiasm of our nature, and the consecration of our lives and labors. Thus we embark upon our Temperance Crusades, with the zeal of Peter the Hermit, Walter the Pennyless, and St. Louis of France; while we battle, with

such arms as God and the good angels place in our hands, with the courage of Godfrey and Tancred, of Conrad and the lion-hearted Richard. At the same time we catch up the cry from that old Roman town of Auvergne, after the lapse of eight centuries, and exclaim, as we enter on our work, "God wills it! God wills it!"

With the true Son of Temperance, honor and rank are nothing; the cause and the Order, everything. The distinctions we seek, are those of a self-approving conscience, that we have saved an erring child of God from temptation, wretchedness and despair, and made his face radiant and his home happy. The position we ask, is that where, most effectively and frequently, we can take a trembling, besotted, friendless outcast,—whom rum has made an alien from home and honor,—by the hand, and lead him kindly, but firmly, to our ever flowing fountains, where he may drink the waters of health and strength. It is greater glory, in the esteem of a Son of Temperance, to be but an outer door-keeper in the halls of our gatherings, than dwell in princely pavillions of drunken revelry. And the highest service we desire, is to lead a tempted man or woman to our gates, and amid shouts of "welcome! welcome!" receive them, with songs, vows and genial salutations, to our hearts and ranks.

It is proper to state, in this place and presence,

that Crystal Fount Division, during nineteen years of service, has a noble record of sheaves garnered in the life fields of the afflicted and rum-cursed. There are a large number of families, now living in comfort and abundance, whose pleasant homes, by its instrumentality, have succeeded to the drunkard's darkened garret, or the outcast's cheerless chamber. One startling instance was mentioned, a few evenings since in this hall,—by a brother who is held by all members of the Order in equal love and honor, I refer to P. G. W. P., ISAAC W. MAY,—of a drunkard's room that he had visited at the request of a sorrowing wife, some years since, which chamber of desolation and despair, by the agency of Crystal Fount Division, was left, and now that proud and rejoicing wife and husband live happily, in an elegant South Boston residence. This fact, if properly known as it should be, would of itself be sufficient to crowd our seats, night after night, with other like rejoicing wives and redeemed husbands. And other instances, equally striking, could be told in honor of this Division, showing that if a silent, it has been, at least, a faithful and efficient laborer, in the vineyards of humanity.

But we are not like those who rest contented with past achievements, and forget the demands of the living, anxious present. Our motto is "Work while the day lasts," as well in early morning, as in the starry night. Our object, in throwing

open our doors this evening, is to make our mission more generally known, and enlarge our membership and usefulness. The malignant enemy of mankind is abroad, not only by night, as told in the divine parable, but by day as well, sowing the tares of intemperance, in the fields and gardens of life; and we consider it our duty to be ever on the alert to check such Satanic cunning, by Titanic work. There are, at this time, hundreds and thousands of sad, cheerless homes (if a filthy garret or cellar may be called by that endearing name), black with hunger, want, squalor, fears and anxieties, which can be lighted up, as was the Judean mansion of old, when the prodigal returned, repentant and redeemed. At this very moment, mothers are praying God for food and raiment for their little ones, because the bar-room literally *swallows up* all their husbands' earnings. Sisters, even now, are tracking the footsteps of an only brother, whose downward steps, the flaunting chandeliers of glittering, gaudy saloons are lighting to hell. Poor, shivering, hungry, despised, yet loving, trusting children are asking their weeping, anxious, praying mothers, "Why don't father come home?" A question which the drunkard-makers of our city must hereafter answer, in terror and truth, at the bar of Almighty God. A widowed mother watches at the window for her only boy,—her pride, her hope, her all,—and she too, asks,

“Why don’t my darling come?” A question which is responded to, by the bacchant laughter of emblazoned saloons, as her drunken son comes staggering back to her feeble arms and breaking heart. “Where is my husband?” asks the wife. “Where is my brother?” inquires the sister. “Where is my father?” cries the child. “Where is my darling?” implores the mother. And to all these frenzied questions, which tremble on the lips of confiding love, comes sweeping and surging up, with the vengeance and mockery of ribald fiends, with sneers, laughter and derision, from bar rooms, club rooms and saloons,—where Satan and Mammon have expended costly, glittering and gaudy tinsel to beguile the thoughtless and open-hearted to shame, death and hell,—one sad, wild, vengeful, impish answer, “Here he is! He is with us. Come and see your darling.”

Yes, he is there! But he shall not remain. No! no! Run! spring! speed! They are all fellows, brothers, men, immortals, like ourselves. All have sported on a mother’s lap, and been tended by her sleepless love. All of them have a mansion in Heaven, prepared by a Divine Redeemer, and a saving brotherhood on earth. Go! run! Rescue them from the flames of intemperance, which consume alike their mortal and immortal possessions, and bring them to our Pools of Bethesda, which are sufficient to extinguish the flames of

hell, which now encompass them, and light up every rum-cursed heart and home, with the fadeless lamps of Temperance.

We wish to have it distinctly understood, by the uninitiated, what are the objects and labors of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. In no sense is it a political organization. Nor is it a sad and sombre gathering of abstemious bigots, for whom the pleasures and pastimes of life have no attractions or cheer. Ours is, eminently and pre-eminently, a social brotherhood. We know that gayety and conviviality are the great attractions of the modern bar-room; and these we seek to offset, by kindred joys and social amusements in our Division rooms. "The devil has had the world's music long enough," said Charles Wesley, when he gave to Christendom those divine Methodist melodies, by which myriads of souls have been wafted from earth to heaven. So say we: The devil has had the shout, the song, the cheer and the festivity of saloons and hotels, of bar-rooms and drinking resorts, long enough; and we furnish with our sparkling spring water, songs more animating, warmer hand grasps, more cordial heart-welcomes, and a happier evening's recreation and enjoyment, than have been known in all bacchanalian gatherings; from the time when classic Greeks, in Attica, rose-crowned and garland-clothed, at the close of the autumnal vintage, marched forth in tumultuous

procession, singing phallic hymns, to the accompaniment of flutes, pipes and cymbals; down to the drunken songs, with which young revelers are this evening first baptising their souls with the frenzied waters of degradation and death. Yes, indeed ! We make one evening in each week so peculiarly pleasing and attractive, that it illumines the other six, and serves to keep constantly in mind the vows we had taken, as well as the fellowship, of which we form a part. Our night of meeting, is to the faithful brother and sister, what fair Hero's watch tower was to her adventurous Leander, of whom Byron sings :

“So when alone, along the sky
That turret torch is blazing high,
Through rising gale and breaking foam,
While shrieking sea-birds warn him home.”

And in addition to the advantages and pleasures of the weekly meeting, the Son of Temperance finds his circle of friends enlarged, to the extent of this great Order ;—so that go where he will, or do what he may, everywhere a brother's grasp is felt, and words of welcome are heard. And with honor, sensibility, conscience, and all his immortal instincts keenly alive, the Son of Temperance lives continually in full consciousness of his duties here and hereafter. He realizes, day by day, that he is guided and guarded by man without, and God within ; is cheered and cherished in health and prosperity ; is aided and sympathised with in sickness

and adversity ; and is lovingly attended, even to the close of life, and as near the banks of the Dark River, and Portals of Eternity, as kindness, fellowship and fidelity can accompany him.

Then come, all who hear me this night, now and here, and make an offering to your God, appropriate to this Easter week of the year, and appropriate to that Heavenly Father, who gives us these wondrous bodies, of such rare and artistic workmanship, and therewith, air, light and water in abundance, to keep them vital, pure and strong. Come, I say, with your garlands and gifts, and lay them on holy altars. And what are the fittest offerings which conscientious, Christian men and women can bring into the august cathedrals of the Almighty ? None so suitable, and surely none can be so acceptable, as high and holy resolves to lead henceforth true and temperate lives ; to live according to the commands of conscience and the ritual of life and nature ; and to be, in the language of the Holy Oracles “temperate, sober and godly in the present world.”

Then come, thou man of strength and activity, —battling bravely, grandly, with the trials and dangers of the age we live in,—come in your pride and manhood, and resolve that your Easter offering shall be yourself,—temperate, pure and true, from this evening, till the angels call you home. Come thou mother, with that bright, beautiful boy by

your side, or in memory of the dreaming babe at home whom you blessed with a mother's good-bye kiss, before leaving for this hall ; and in shuddering apprehension of what dangers and drunken doom may hereafter disgrace and destroy you more than Cornelia jewels, when exposed to the temptations of a wild appetite and seducing world—come and give yourself to us, and therewith the mortal and immortal hopes and honors of your beautiful and blooming children. Come, young men and maidens, in your morning of promise, with life's dangers and duties all before you, assured of nothing in the future more confidently than this,—that temperance and purity are the safest angels to guide your steps through the mazes of this tempting world ;—come, while the birds are singing, the fountains are playing, and the trees are white and pink with spring blossoms of hope and promise ; come, in memory of what your parents pray for, and all who truly love you earnestly ask in your behalf ; come now and here, while duty, honor, home, and Heaven itself, unitedly plead with you ; come, I repeat, and be one with us,—one of a great Temperance Family, whose limits cannot be bounded, any more than the personal benefits which you will derive, can be measured, told or pictured. Come, especially, all of you, who have felt the hot breath of the great alcoholic demon on your cheek or in your souls ; who, in obedience to a seemingly

friendly, but really hell-born invitation, have drank of the poison bowl and joined in the mirth of revelers ; who already have, at times, so brutalized your immortal natures, that you have made sisters blush to call you brother ; or a mother mourn for a son who literally dances on the heart-strings of her who gave you life ; or a wife weep such tears as only angels shed, as she has seen one whom she has taken as a companion for eternity as well as time, flinging to the winds her love, trampling on his marital vows, and paving the future with degradation, sorrow, poverty and despair, for herself and her children to tread ; or who have caused your boys and girls to wonder why father is so unkind, why their clothes are ragged, as once they were not, why their mates jeer at them, in derision, when you, their parent, pass by, or name you with the hissing scorn, which the word “drunkard” invariably awakens ; or compel them to ask, why the fuel in the stove is almost out, why the table is so scantily spread, and why mother, their dear, praying, anxious mother, sits so often watching at the window, or weeps in agony in her cheerless chamber ? Come I say, all of you,—who have thus drank, and saddened some one,—while opportunity, self-interest and your immortal hopes plead with you and for you, and in the earnestness of an awakened conscience, exclaim “Yes, we will be Sons of Temperance.” Say this, and do it, too, and

you will be happy, prosperous and blessed, as you will, and can be, by no one act, which the gracious angels of your destiny can invite you to perform. Come then, one and all who are here to-night, and not already members of a Temperance organization, and resolve, out of your hopes, your interests and your duties, that you will weave a chaplet and holy offering. And know, man and woman, that such garlands of gladness, gratitude and Temperance, will be the most fair and fragrant offerings, with which you, as dutiful and obedient children of the Most High, can crown the courts, and lay upon the altars of God.

In conclusion, I say again to all who hear me : Come and be one with us. Inscribe your names on the starlit roll of true men and women, who have lived, and are now living, as the dictates of nature and nature's God demand, with faces turned Zion-wards. Drink with us at our fountains; join in our vows and odes; and give us your hearts and hands. Lay now, upon the grand altars of humanity, your Temperance offerings, and unite with us in prayers for safety, light and guidance in the future. Remember, time shoots past us, like carrier pigeon on the wing. Every moment the clock measures, one soul passes from time, through the mystic Gates of Eternity. There is nothing in life so certain as death, nothing immortal but durity and truth. Now is the time for a new life

dedication ; a consecration to years of Temperance, health, peace and prosperity. Hesitate not ! For the clock will soon strike the midnight hour of your existence, when it will be too late. Join our Order, here and now, this very night, and my word for it, —and the word and echoed assent of all the assembled Brothers and Sisters,—you never will, you never can, regret the act. Then when the Millennial morning comes, spoken of by Prophets, and assured by the Word of God,—when the Heavens shall bow themselves, and chariots and horsemen appear with Divine Messengers, bringing the record of our everlasting doom,—of sorrow, disgrace and degradation, or joy, glory and salvation,—let us all, so far as we can, be worthy to join the ranks of the redeemed and rejoicing, and receive, from celestial hands, the amaranthine chaplets of Immortality, and the waving palm branches of Victory.



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